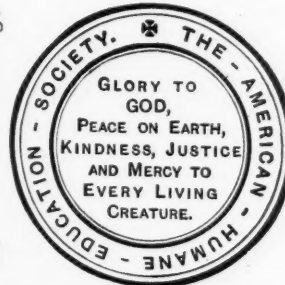


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 24.

Boston, October, 1891.

No. 5.



DINNER TIME.

By kind permission of the NEW YORK ENGRAVING AND PRINTING COMPANY, 320-22 Pearl Street, New York City, we reproduce the above beautiful picture from "The American Art Printer."

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

Does it pay to send "Our Dumb Animals" gratuitously to the editors of twenty thousand American newspapers and magazines?

We haven't the shadow of a doubt that it does pay, and pay richly.

The power that controls this continent is the power of the press.

No political party or religious sect or humane cause can succeed without it.

The men who most succeed in business or anything else are the men who most liberally use it.

In some parts of Europe its power is somewhat fettered, but in America it is the lever that moves the world.

Out of our immense distribution of this paper has come the printing of over half a million copies of "Black Beauty" in a little over a year.

Out of it has come and is coming not only the establishing of "Bands of Mercy" and "Humane Societies" in many States and Territories, but the building up of a humane sentiment on this continent which will sooner or later be felt around the world.

We only regret that the enlargement of the work

taken up by our "American Humane Education Society" compels us temporarily to send the paper to ten thousand one month and the other ten thousand the next, instead of sending it as we ordered it sent last year, every month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE CIRCULATION OF "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

Its smallest monthly issue last year was 36,000; its largest 75,000.

This included the gratuitous sending of it to the editors of all newspapers and magazines in North America north of Mexico (according to the newspaper directory we then had), also to many others in the various States and Territories, including "Bands of Mercy."

A later directory has increased the number of newspapers and magazines to about 20,000, and we now send to one-half one month and the other half the next. This is done at the expense of our "American Humane Education Society."

In Massachusetts we distribute it each month gratuitously, at the expense of our Massachusetts S. P. C. A., to the editors of all newspapers and magazines in the State; to all clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic—all physicians—all lawyers—all school superintendents, and a large number of teachers—all our nearly 500 agents in every city and town of the State—our "Bands of Mercy"—hundreds of drivers who have shown interest in our work—all our Boston police. And in future it is also to be sent monthly to all postmasters and all the police of the State who, like the Boston police, send or hand in their names to our president as wishing to become "Branch Members" of the society.

Where does the money come from?

To the "American Humane Education Society," in gifts and memberships, very largely from persons residing outside the State.

To the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. from gifts, memberships, and very largely from the legacies of deceased friends.

WHAT WE ARE DOING IN BRAZIL.

We are most glad to learn by letter from our esteemed correspondent in the city of San Paulo, Brazil, Miss Marcia P. Browne, that the literature we sent last year to Dr. Albuquerque, who is now a member of the city government of that city, has resulted, through his efforts, in the following city ordinances, and that this action of the city government of San Paulo has aroused the press of Rio de Janeiro to call upon the city government of that city to enact similar laws.

Ordered that the below-written ordinances be published, in order that they may be put in execution.

Article 1st. It is expressly prohibited to use in carriage service, in public or private places, underfed, sick, or wounded animals.

Article 2d. The use of leather cutting whips with wooden handles is abolished; drivers can use only, with moderation, the ends of the reins.

Article 3d. Excessive weight in vehicles is prohibited; the load of each one being such as permits the animal to draw it with ease up the hills of the city.

Article 4th. It is prohibited the carrying of fowls, swine, or any other animal tied by the feet.

Article 5th. Persons breaking these ordinances will pay a fine of \$10, besides the animals will be immediately taken to the city stables.

Revoked all ordinances to the contrary.

Chamber of City Council of San Paulo, 28th of May, 1891.

PRESIDENTE CLEMENTINO DE SOUZA E. CASTRO.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

We are most happy to be in receipt of a letter from the general secretary of "The King's Daughters," expressing the warmest sympathy with our humane educational work, and suggesting a plan through which we may enlist "The King's Daughters," as we have already enlisted the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," in forming "Bands of Mercy."

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS" IN BAVARIA.

A friend hands us a most interesting letter from which we take the following:—

DEAR MRS. W.:

You hardly thought when you sent me some numbers of "Our Dumb Animals" that you were going to benefit the whole kingdom of Bavaria, but so it is.

After reading them with great interest, I forwarded them to a friend in Munich, who publishes a magazine for children, and now she writes me she will start a paper for children in the style of "Our Dumb Animals," and asks if I will help her collect items.

M. F. B.

[In accordance with our friend's request we are most glad to send a package of our humane publications to be used in Bavaria.—EDITOR.]

NEW ZEALAND.

We are glad to find in the "New Zealand Daily Herald" (Auckland), of July 22d, nearly an entire column on our humane work, closing with the statement that our "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" are about being introduced into the Auckland public schools.

VIVISECTION ESSAYS.

We have sent our two vivisection prize essays to all college presidents in the United States and to all the physicians of Massachusetts.

If we can afford it we shall be glad to send them to all physicians in America—some seventy thousand.

FOR FRENCH CABMEN.

We are glad to announce that a kind lady has had selections from "Our Dumb Animals" translated into French and distributed among Paris cabmen. They were so well received that she is now having another compilation made from more recent numbers of our paper, to be distributed in the same manner, and so the new world is contributing to help humanely educate the old.

PHILANTHROPY ON CREDIT.

The late Horace Leland, who for many years kept the Leland Hotel at Springfield, Ill., was an exceedingly generous man and an especial lover of children. One day he and John A. C. Matthews, then Speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives, now first controller of the Treasury, were walking out together, when they met a man with a cluster of toy balloons. School was just out, and hundreds of boys and girls came pouring from a building near at hand and formed in groups around the balloon man.

"Hold on, Ace," said Mr. Leland, "there's a joyous sight," and the two stopped and watched the children gaze longingly at the balloons.

"Fi' cent apiece," "How much for the lot?" asked the philanthropist. The man counted them over. There were twenty-one.

"One doll' for de lot." Mr. Leland took them all and distributed them among the children with as much fairness as possible, and away the little coddlers ran with them.

Then Mr. Leland put his hand in his pocket and said,—"By thunder, Ace, I ain't got a cent. Lend me a dollar."

"Oh, no," said Judge Matthews, seriously; "you can't play philanthropist at my expense. Not much."

"Well, my man," said Mr. Leland, "I guess you'll have to call at my hotel for your money."

"No, sir," said the man, "you give me my money or you give me back my balloons."

"But don't you see I can do neither? Come to the Leland House and ask for Mr. Leland, and I will pay you."

"No, sir," persisted the man, "you pay me my money or give me back my balloons. I haf seen dat hotel trick before."

"Come, Ace," said Mr. Leland, from the depth of his troubled soul, "give me a dollar."

"Not a cent," said the Judge, "I wouldn't trust you with a dime."

"See," said the man, "your own friend no will trust you. You give me my money or I will call de policeman."

Just then there happened along an old beggar woman who had lived upon the bounty of the good people of Springfield for many a year. She stopped and heard enough of the conversation to know what it was about.

"Hold on, Misther Layland," said she, "if yer foine frind there won't lave ye the loan av a dollar, begorra O'im the frind that will," and as she lectured Judge Matthews for the "stingiest ould thing out o' jail," she unrolled the money from a dirty rag and gave it to the philanthropist. Judge Matthews says he never tried to play just that kind of a joke on Horace Leland again.—Washington Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

FOREST SONG.

A song for the beautiful trees,
A song for the forest grand,
The garden of God's own hand,
The pride of his centuries.
Hurrah for the kingly oak,
For the maple, the sylvan queen,
For the lords of the emerald cloak,
For the ladies in living green!

For the beautiful trees a song,
The peers of a glorious realm,
The linden, the ash, and the elm,
The poplar stately and strong.
Hurrah for the beech-tree trim,
For the hickory stanch at core,
For the locust thorny and grim,
For the silvery sycamore!

A song for the palm and the pine,
And for every tree that grows,
From the desolate zone of snows
To the zone of the burning line.
Hurrah for the warders proud
Of the mountain side and vale,
That challenge the thunder-cloud
And buffet the stormy gale.

A song for the forest aisled
With its Gothic roof sublime,
The solemn temple of time,
Where man becometh a child,
As he listens the anthem roll
Of the wind in the solitude,
The hymn that telleth his soul
That God is the voice of the wood.

So long as the rivers flow,
So long as the mountains rise,
May the forests sing to the skies,
And shelter the earth below.
Hurrah for the beautiful trees!
Hurrah for the forest grand!
The pride of His centuries,
The garden of God's own hand.

W. H. Venable.

HOW HE ASTONISHED THE OLD ADMIRAL.

The old admiral, whose long sea service had given his legs a decided outward curvature, once had a singular adventure on this account with a ship's pet.

The crew of the ship owned a large black spaniel, and took great pains in teaching him to jump. A man standing up would put one foot against his other knee, thus making a hole for Nep, the dog, to make his leap through. The dog always jumped through the aperture readily, though if his trainer's legs happened to be short, it was a tight squeeze.

One day the admiral came aboard from the flagship on a visit of inspection. Happening to walk to the forward part of the ship, he stood there for a few minutes conversing with the officer who had attended him.

Here he was spied by the dog. Nep stood a moment surveying the admiral's bow legs. Suddenly the dog made a rush at the legs and a mad leap through the tempting gap.

In astonishment at the black tornado that had passed beneath him, the admiral whirled quickly about to see what was the cause. The dog took this action as a signal for an "encore," and jumped again.

Once more the admiral turned, and again the dog jumped. The bewildered face of the admiral and the serious attention of Nep to what he imagined was his business were too much for the gravity of the bystanders, and, forgetting the respect due to rank, they all roared with laughter.

A sailor, however, had enough presence of mind to break from the crowd and catch the dog by the collar. He led him off, and Nep seemed to wonder why he did not receive the praise due to such spirited efforts.

The excited admiral got but an imperfect explanation of the affair from the spectators, for they could hardly tell him that his legs had been used as a circus hoop for a forecastle dog. Perhaps to his dying day the occurrence was a mystery.—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE CZAR'S SUIT.

Czar of Russia (just out of bed)—"What has become of my undershirt?"
Valet—"Please your Majesty, the blacksmith's putting fresh rivets in it."



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over ten thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over seven hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band," and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:—

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

WHY MEN OF GENIUS.

It has often been mooted as a vexed question *why all men of genius or greatness are so fond of dogs*. The reason is not far to seek. Those who are great or eminent in any way find the world full of parasites, toadies, liars, fawners, hypocrites; the incorruptible candor, loyalty, and honor of the dog are to such like water in a barren place to the thirsty traveller. The sympathy of your dog is unfailing and unobtrusive. If you are sad, so is he; and if you are merry, none is so willing to leap and laugh with you as he. For your dog you are never poor; for your dog you are never old; whether you are in a palace or a cottage he does not care; and fall you as low as you may, you are his providence and his idol still. — From "Dogs and their Affections," by Ouida, in September "North American Review."

"I don't want any castor oil," said the sick little Boston boy.

"Why, Horace," said his mother, "don't you know that castor oil is made from beans?"

The boy took the dose at once.



THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

THE BELL OF THE ANGELS.

It is said, somewhere, at twilight

A great bell softly swings,
And a man may listen and hearken
To the wondrous music that rings,

If he put from his heart's inner chamber
All the passion, pain, and strife,
Heartache, and weary longing
That throb in the pulses of life;

If he thrusts from his soul all hatred,
All thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight
How the bell of the angels rings.

Let us look in our hearts, and question
Can purer thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already
The dwelling of thoughts of sin?

So, then, let us ponder a little—
Let us look in our hearts, and see
If the twilight bell of the angels
Can ring for you and me.

TRIED TO ROB THE CONDUCTOR.

A mean-looking man got on a Broadway and Seventh Avenue car at Canal Street yesterday, says the "New York Sun." He sat down between two women and handed the conductor a nickel. At Bleecker Street he called the conductor to him and asked:

"Don't I get any change?"

The conductor looked surprised. "You only gave me a nickel," he said.

"You lie," said the man angrily. "I gave you a dollar bill." The conductor counted his money and found it agreed with the number of fares registered.

"I am sure you only gave me a nickel," he said.

"You're a liar," said the man, "and if you don't give me my 95 cents change I'll take it out of your hide, and then have you arrested."

"I am quite sure you only gave the conductor a 5-cent piece," ventured one of the women; "I saw the coin."

"You're quite sure of nothing," said the man in an insulting tone. "Does he pay you to cap for him?"

A big man, dressed like a laborer, sat on the opposite side of the car. He heard the dispute. When the mean man addressed the woman this man reached over with a pair of 11-inch hands, seized the mean man, lifted him up out of his seat, and carried him kicking and howling from the car, and dropped him off the back platform. "You try to get on this car again," he shouted, "and I'll break every bone in your body." The car went on. The man got up and walked off.

IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

Such beautiful things in the heart of the woods!

Flowers and ferns, and the soft, green moss;

Such love of the birds, in the solitudes,

Where the swift wings glance, and the tree tops toss;

Spaces of silence, swept with song

Which nobody hears but the God above;

Spaces where myriad creatures throng,

Sunning themselves in His guarding love.

THE DOG LAUGHED.

The proprietor of a Third Avenue store owns a little black kitten that cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, and then sparring with its forepaws as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist.

A gentleman took into the store the other evening an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good-natured, and intelligent. The tiny black kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on its hind legs, and "put its fists" in an attitude of defiance. The contrast in size between the two was intensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish a giant.

Slowly and without a sign of excitability the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him, and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, and if animal ever laughed in the world that dog assuredly did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while eyes and mouth beamed with merriment. — New York Telegram.

AT THE SEASIDE.

Maud—"What are you reading?"

Pimmie—"A Man without a Country." It's such a painful story!"

Maud (looking drearily up and down the beach)—"It isn't half as painful as a country without a man."

— Chicago Tribune.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, October, 1891.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us eighteen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies, of back numbers.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.
Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of about ten thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR CIRCULATION.

Our smallest monthly circulation last year was 36,000, our largest 75,000.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.
Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.
In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances, to examine our report of receipts which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers, please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

Some days I have over two hundred letters, and over one hundred magazines, newspapers, etc.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

BE SURE YOU BUY THE RIGHT BOOK.

Four publishers, taking advantage of our wide presentation and advertisement, have issued editions of "Black Beauty."

They leave out the Codman letter and all the humane pictures and information which constitute an important part of our book, substituting advertisements of corsets, medical discoveries, pills, etc., etc.

ILLINOIS DOCKING.

We are glad to learn that the Illinois Legislature, following our Massachusetts example, has enacted a severe law against docking.

THE COST.

We notice in last annual report of Royal [English] Society P. C. A. that the cost of salaries of agents and enforcing the laws, last year, was about seventy-five thousand dollars, and the cost of "The Animal World," which was mostly received back in sales, was about seventy-five hundred dollars.

EDWIN LEE BROWN, OF CHICAGO.

We find in the "Chicago Financial News" that Mr. Edwin Lee Brown's estate is appraised at six hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars, of which he gave, by his will, five hundred dollars to the "Illinois Humane Society," of which he was formerly president, and less than one thousand dollars to be divided among four old employees. The balance goes to his wife and three children.

Cases Reported at our Boston Offices in August.

Whole number dealt with, 227. Animals taken from work, 26; horses and other animals killed, 53.

DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the life mutilation of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

PROTECTION for OVERWORKED HORSES—\$500 IN PRIZES.

The following appeared in all or nearly all the Boston dailies of September 2d and 3d:—

PROTECTION for OVERWORKED HORSES.

To the Editor of —:

Will you kindly permit me to ask through your columns, of all humane persons, that, whenever they have occasion to hire a herd or other public carriage, they will look at the horse or horses drawing it, and never, unless absolutely necessary, hire a herd or other carriage driven by horses that have been evidently overworked or are in poor condition. Will you also kindly permit me to say, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I hereby offer fifty prizes of \$10 each for evidence which shall enable the society to convict any drivers of herds or other public carriages of cruelly treating their horses, in violation of the laws of Massachusetts.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

POLICE OFFICERS—IMPORTANT VOTE.

At the September meeting of the directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held Sept. 16th, the following vote was unanimously passed:—

Voted, That all police officers throughout the State who would like to receive the society's monthly paper and other publications may, by writing the president to that effect, become "Branch Members" of the society, on the same terms as the Boston police, and receive cards of membership and the society's publications without charge.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

BOSTON HERALD.

We are glad to find in "The Boston Herald" of September 16th, an editorial beginning with these words:—

"The men who are killing big game in the woods of Maine, just for the sake of slaughter, are meanly and miserably cruel."

THE BOSTON PILOT.

We are glad to find in so influential a paper as the "Boston Pilot" our last month's article on "The Barbarism of Wealth."

WHAT "BLACK BEAUTY" AND OUR OTHER HUMANE PUBLICATIONS HAVE DONE FOR BOSTON.

As an experiment, Vice-president Hon. Henry B. Hill, on September 10th, took a position on the corner of Devonshire and Milk streets, in the afternoon, and carefully examined the first three hundred horses that passed. Out of the whole number he found only two horses that seemed to be tightly checked, and those were in carriages driven by persons who, from their dress and personal appearance, he thought would claim to be gentlemen.

We regret to say that, from wide recent observation, Vice-president Hill is forced to the conclusion that pretty much all the cruelty now inflicted upon horses in Boston, by the check-rein, is done by men who would consider themselves gentlemen, and who very likely, in the pressure of other business, have never found time to read "Black Beauty."

VIVISECTION—THE ZOOPHILIST.

We are truly glad to read in the September London "Zoophilist" a review of Dr. Macphail's prize essay in favor of vivisection, because it is written in a spirit of kindness, which we trust may accomplish good.

We are glad also to find in it the following:

"It was certainly a happy idea on the part of Mr. Angell to offer an equal prize (\$250) for the best essay on either side, and then to bind them together in one pamphlet.

"It was also very right and proper on his part to obtain the services of eminent medical men [Drs. Bowditch, Whitney, and Mixer, the first named the dean and the others professors in the Harvard Medical School], who favor vivisection—to adjudge the prize in the case of the *pro-vivisection* essay.

"This at once stamps it with authority, and for the purpose of our review we may fairly regard it as the last important word spoken on that side of the question.

"First, let us say one word in praise of the temper in which Dr. Macphail deals with his subject. To our thinking this leaves little to be desired. Vivisection is a question on which it is very difficult to write or speak calmly and temperately. On the one side there is professional irritation and professional contempt for the uninitiated crowd to which they imagine all who wish to interfere with them belong; and, on the other, there is the righteous indignation and the sympathy with suffering which are apt to carry the opponents of vivisection beyond the bounds of moderate expression. From the above-named faults of his own side, Dr. Macphail seems to us to be singularly free.

"The other weak point of all the vivisection advocates it has been our misfortune to have to review, Dr. Macphail has not been so successful in avoiding—we mean errors in matters of history, science, and argument, etc., etc."

The article closes with these words:—

"In taking leave of Dr. Macphail, we do so with perfect good feeling. He has set himself to his task with honesty of purpose and humanity in his heart; and if he has failed to establish his points, if he has simply followed the route of vivisection advocates who have preceded him, and has based his arguments on history and science that are alike unsound, he has, at any rate, followed them in a spirit which we cannot fail to admire. We have no doubt Dr. Macphail thoroughly believes vivisection to be the harmless and beneficent thing he endeavors to make it out."

We cannot help expressing our happiness in believing that the above will be read with pleasure by the thousands of medical men who read our monthly paper, and will aid in securing their careful consideration of both the prize essays we are now so widely distributing.

ISSUE DAY.

In the "Boston Evening Transcript" of August 24th we find a terrible arraignment of all connected with our "Indian Agencies" for the cruelties inflicted upon cattle on "Issue Day," when they are turned over to the Indians to be tormented and slaughtered.

The description, too dreadful for our columns, plainly shows that Government officers and Indian agents need humane education.

ON BOARD A CATTLE SHIP.

In the "Boston Evening Transcript" of August 24th we find a description of a voyage on a "cattle ship" from Philadelphia to England thus summed up: "sixteen days of utter torture to the unhappy cattle"—such of them as were not thrown overboard on the passage. They were belabored with stones, punched with pitchforks, beaten in the face with hatchets, etc., etc., making that cattle ship a floating hell for the 362 cattle she carried.

What is the remedy? Humane education of those who will some day command and control cattle ships. How can you enforce laws on cattle ships on the ocean?

515,000 + 50,000 = 565,000.

565,000 COPIES OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

This month we add another edition of 50,000, carrying the total to 565,000 printed and printing, probably more than double the number of copies ever printed of any book in the world in the same length of time from publication.

The prices of "Old Gold" edition are six cents at our offices, ten cents when sent by mail; "Terra Cotta" and "Board" editions, on thicker paper, twelve cents at our offices and twenty cents when sent by mail. A lower price can be made when 1000 or more copies are ordered at once. Express and freight charges on large orders are quite reasonable. Write

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our Italian edition of "Black Beauty" will soon be in print, the Spanish, French, and others later.

HOW "BLACK BEAUTY" GOES.

We have lots of chances to gratuitously distribute "Black Beauty." Yesterday the Sisters of Notre Dame, South Boston, asked us to supply the 900 Roman Catholic children in their great parochial school, and to-day the teachers of the great colored Spelman school at Atlanta, Georgia, ask us to supply about 900 of their pupils.

DIOCESE OF IOWA, BISHOPS' HOUSE,
CORNER 11TH AND BRADY ST., DAVENPORT.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I had read "Black Beauty" with deep interest ere your kind enclosures reached me. I trust that this charming tale may have the widest possible circulation, and am confident that its mission of usefulness will widen and increase year by year. Once read, it can never be forgotten, and every one, young or old, should read it, and read it at once.

Thanking you for sending me a copy,
I am, very truly yours,

WILLIAM STEVENS PERRY,
Bishop of Iowa and President of Grinnell College.

GERMAN EDITION OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

We have great pleasure in announcing the issue of our German edition of "Black Beauty" by C. J. Krehbiel & Co., Cincinnati, who publish at their own expense and for their own profit, we furnishing them gratuitously the manuscript translation. The price at retail is 25 cents per copy, or sent by mail 35 cents per copy, and can be procured of us or the publisher. For wholesale prices write C. J. Krehbiel & Co., Cincinnati. We hope this book may be read by every German in the world.

BLACK BEAUTY IN JAPAN.

We have previously announced that we are having translations of "Black Beauty" made into the Spanish, German, French, Italian, Volapuk, and Swedish languages.

We have now the pleasure of saying that we have sent copies of this book to Japan, to be translated into the Japanese language. If we live long enough, and get money enough, we mean to send this "missionary of mercy" around the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MAY BE PRESIDENT SOME DAY.

A good-looking lady with a pair of seashore shoes on was crossing City Hall park the other day with the strings of one shoe flipping and flopping about with every step she took. She knew all about it, and she realized that every man she met was looking right at that foot, but she hadn't the nerve to stop and tie the strings. The situation caught the eye of a small bootblack who crossed her path, and he did the right thing at the right time and in the neatest manner. Running up to her he dropped on his knees and placed his box for her foot. She placed it there and he gathered up the strings, deftly tied them into a double bow knot, and doffed his cap and bowed like a little gentleman. "You are the smartest boy in New York!" she said, as she reached for her purse, and the next instant he was galloping down the walk shouting,—"O, Jim, look-a-here! Made a mash and struck half-a-dollar all in a minute!"—N. Y. World.

A LETTER THAT HELPS.

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 13, 1891.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Your proposition to employ an able lecturer to visit our cities and present the urgent need of humane education seems to me an admirable one; and I think it a privilege to send you enclosed check for one hundred dollars, towards the sum required for this great necessity.

I trust that our God will touch the hearts of many to send you ample pecuniary support and encouragement.

For your untiring efforts I am gratefully yours,

SHOOTING GULLS.

(From "Nantucket Enquirer," of Sept. 5.)

MR. EDITOR:

Last week the steam yacht "Talisman," from Salem, visited the island, and had scarcely anchored in the harbor when some one on board began firing at the gulls circling overhead. There appeared to be no other motive for this than the desire to wound or kill something, as there was no effort made to secure the gulls or to use them for any purpose whatever. If those which were shot had been killed, it would not have been so bad, but several of them were only wounded, and fell upon the shore, where they lingered in a suffering and dying condition until a gentleman walking upon the beach killed them, in order to put them out of misery, some six or seven hours after they had been shot. Can it be credited that men calling themselves gentlemen should be guilty of such wanton cruelty and of violating the laws of Massachusetts which prohibit the killing of gulls at this season?

Yours truly,

CAROLINE EARLE WHITE.

The above is another proof of the importance of humanely educating the children of our rich people.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

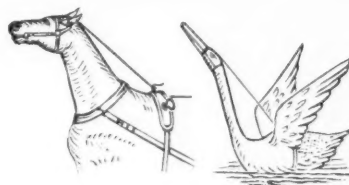
A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE ANGELS.

This is from Mr. Bradford Torrey's article, "Dyer Hollow," in the September "Atlantic":—

A noble creature is man—"a little lower than the angels." Two years in succession I have been at the seashore during the autumnal migration of sandpipers and plovers. Two years in succession I have seen men, old and young, murdering sandpipers and plovers at wholesale for the mere fun of doing it. Had they been "pot hunters," seeking to earn bread by shooting for the market, I should have pitied them perhaps—certainly I should have regretted their work, but I should have thought no ill of them. Their vocation would have been as honorable, for aught I know, as that of any other butcher. But a man of twenty, a man of seventy, shooting sanderlings, ring plovers, golden plovers, and whatever else comes in his way, not for money, nor primarily for food, but because he enjoys the work! "A little lower than the angels!" What numbers of innocent and beautiful creatures have I seen limping painfully along the beach, after the gunners had finished their day's amusement. Even now I think with pity of one particular turnstone. Some being, made a little lower than the angels, had fired at him and carried away one of his legs. I watched him for an hour. Much of the time he stood motionless. Then he hobbled from one patch of eel grass to another, in search of something to eat. My heart ached for him, and it burns now to think that good men find it a pastime to break birds' legs and wings and leave them to perish. I have seen an old man, almost ready for the grave, who could amuse his last days in this way for weeks together. An exhilarating and edifying spectacle it was—this venerable worthy, sitting behind his bunch of wooden decoys, a wounded tern fluttering in agony at his feet. Withal, be it said, he was a man of gentlemanly bearing, courteous and a Christian. He did not shoot on Sunday—not he.



BLACK BEAUTY.



Unnatural and Cruel.

CHECK-REIN CARDS.

We have been sending out between forty and fifty thousand copies of our beautiful colored check-rein card, on one side of which appears the cut of "Black Beauty" seen above, with an excellent quotation from the book, and on the other side the two cuts of the over-check, seen above, with a statement of the evils resulting from its use.

We would suggest to our readers that if they wish to do a kind act for a cruelly checked horse, they cannot do it in a better way than by presenting to his driver one of our old gold copies of "Black Beauty," and put inside of it one of these check-rein cards. The driver will be very much pleased to receive a present of a copy of "Black Beauty," and will be almost certain to read it through. The check-rein card makes such an excellent book-mark that he will be almost certain to read and retain that.

The check-rein cards cost fifteen cents a hundred, but we shall be glad to present a package to any one who will undertake to properly distribute them.

STARVING PEASANTS.

HEARTRENDING SCENES WITNESSED IN RUSSIA.

PEOPLE TOO WEAK TO EAT OFFERED FOOD.

VIENNA, Aug. 29.—A Russian ecclesiastic, now in this city, who has just returned from a journey through the distressed districts of the Russian province of Kazan, gives a heartrending account of the incidents of his journey.

At Nardoy there were people who had not touched bread for a long time, and who were so weak that when he offered them food some of them lacked strength to eat. In all the public places of the village were to be seen famine-stricken groups of people, some in the last stages of apathy, while others were raving for bread.

We find the above in "Boston Evening Transcript" of August 29.

There is plenty of food in the world for all the starving; and if this starvation and death continues, it may result in a plague that, like the grippé, will carry sickness and death around the world.

When the humane education which our "American Humane Education Society" is seeking to spread over this continent shall reach and influence all nations, there will be no more starvation.—EDITOR.

DID YOU EVER SIT BEHIND A WOMAN IN CHURCH?

Did you ever sit behind a woman in church, who had a bird stretched out, or sitting up, gazing continuously at you from its dead, glazed eyes? Was the sentiment uplifting? What acceptance have her prayers? Can the wearer follow the preacher when he says, "O Lord, bless this earth and the fruit thereof," knowing that the bird on her head represents increase of insects that are devouring everything growing?

M. H. TAYLOR.

VOX POPULI, VOX DEI.

The old proverb, "The voice of the people is the voice of God," is very far from being always correct.

Nevertheless we have good reason to believe that when public attention is properly called to good work done, it is almost sure to be sooner or later properly appreciated.

Of the two ways of calling public attention, praise is more pleasant, but frequently not half so effective as attack, which gives opportunity for reply.

In the "Boston Herald" of August 22d appeared a letter, signed "M. O. S.," complaining that on one of our less frequented streets, at half-past ten o'clock at night, two hucksters were trying to get a sick or worn-out horse through the street (no whipping or other cruelty alleged), and there was no agent of the S. P. C. A. there to prevent.

On seeing the article we wrote Vice-president Hill, who was in charge during our temporary absence, the following, which he had published on the "Herald's" editorial page, August 25th:

DUMB ANIMALS IN BOSTON.

NO PLACE IN THE WORLD WHERE ANIMALS ARE BETTER TREATED.

The following letter from Hon. George T. Angell has been handed to the "Herald" by the gentleman to whom it was addressed, with the request that it be printed:—

Dear Mr. Hill,—I am sorry to see in this morning's "Herald" a letter signed "M. O. S.," with the title, "Two Brutes and a Horse." If "M. O. S.," before writing it, had kindly called at our offices, I think you would have been able to have convinced him that there is not a city in the world where more has been done for the protection of dumb animals from cruelty than in Boston, not a city in the world where they are better protected. Over 600 of the Boston police are branch members of our society, receiving and reading our publications monthly, every policeman during the past year receiving also a copy of "Black Beauty." Some 300 of our best Boston coachmen have formed themselves into a "Band of Mercy" for the protection of dumb animals, and receive our publications monthly. Some 35,000 of our grammar school boys and girls wrote compositions last year on kindness to animals. More than 100,000 copies of our humane publications have been distributed in our Boston public schools, and, as you recollect, during 61 days I gave one-hour addresses to all our high, normal, Latin, and grammar schools. I have been told many times by friends of our work that they have never seen in this country or Europe any city where dumb animals are, as a whole, treated so kindly, and look so well, as in Boston. With kind wishes,

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HON. H. B. HILL, Vice-President M. S. P. C. A.
Princeton, Aug. 22, 1891.

To the above we now add that we believe—
(1st) That no criminal law of our State is more faithfully enforced than the law for the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals.

(2d) That in no State or country of the world has more been done for the protection of dumb animals than in Massachusetts.

(3d) That no police in the world have more at heart the protection of dumb animals than ours.

(4th) That in no Christian city of the world are drivers and teamsters as a whole more humane than in Boston.

(5th) That there is no Christian city in the world where the children are more generally kind to dumb animals than here.

(6th) That whenever complaint of our society's action or want of action has appeared in public print, it has almost invariably been found to have been written by some one whom the society has prosecuted or threatened to prosecute, or by some one who has given little or nothing to aid our work.

(7th) That there is but one way to prevent horses from being sometimes overworked, and that is by the public refusing to hire heretics and other vehicles drawn by poor-looking horses.

(8th) That we are trying to so humanely educate our whole people that they will not ride behind a poor-looking horse, or one tightly checked, or one mutilated for life by docking; and when this is accomplished we shall get rid of sights which we are sorry to say do now occasionally lessen the happiness of humanely disposed persons.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A SENSIBLE REQUEST.

The following, which appeared in Boston daily papers of June 20 and 21, was commented on by "The Evening Record," with its nearly ninety thousand circulation, largely among those who hire and use horses, as a "sensible request":—

Will you kindly permit me to ask your readers, during the hot weather, to endeavor, so far as possible, to hire those heretics and other carriages which have the best-looking horses, and avoid hiring, so far as possible, all heretics and carriages having poor-looking horses?

Will you also kindly ask your readers who may be leaving their city houses for the country to see that their family cats are humanely provided for, so far as possible, during their absence?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE TREATMENT OF PIGS AND CATTLE.

We have received the following from a prominent and highly respected Boston lawyer:—

GEO. T. ANGELL, ESQ.:

My dear Sir,—While enjoying a few weeks in the country this summer, and observing the customs of country farm life, I fell to wondering why it was that the pig was considered so low in the scale of animal life as to be incapable of enjoying the sun and pure air. In the vast majority of cases on our New England farms, pigs are confined in a filthy pen under the stable floor or the floor of the pigsty. In the former case they receive the drippings of the stable, in the latter unnameable filth and stench. In both cases they receive no ray of sunshine or breath of undefiled, pure air,—and with the glorious free country air all around them, which we of the cities expend large sums of money annually to indulge in.

A pig is an intelligent animal; his very snout has more sense than some human beings. He is harmless, and naturally good-natured and frolicsome. Why should other domestic animals be allowed air and sunshine, and a pig be kept in darkness and filth?

I well remember the capers and frolics of a more favored pig, as he scampered about a sunny yard in a Maine village, and I see no reason why others of his kind should not be treated in a similar manner.

One of the strangest things about the matter is, that a farmer will serve on his table, in the shape of pork, flesh from a pig reared in filth and darkness, and not know that such meat cannot be healthful.

BOSTON, Sept. 10, 1891.

Every word of the above statement is true, and the condition of pigs on many of our farms and in many of our villages is something too filthy to be thought of.

Not only that, but tens of thousands of cattle are kept in this country confined in dark and frequently filthy stables, day and night, summer and winter, without exercise or sunshine, and with very little fresh air. In addition to which thousands and perhaps tens of thousands are fed largely upon distillery slops.

We recollect seeing at one of our railroad depots, some time since, a large box, containing a beautiful dog, and on it was this placard: "Please give me a drink of water. You may be a dog yourself some time."

Thousands of millions of the human race have lived and died in the belief that human souls at death pass into the bodies of animals.

If there be any truth in that belief, and such a thing as justice in this world, it would seem to us no more than right that farmers and others who keep pigs and cattle in ways above described should be compelled after death to visit this world in the forms of pigs and cattle and receive the same treatment which they now inflict upon others.

When we think of the manner in which hundreds of thousands of farm animals, and other domestic animals, are kept and tortured, we cannot help sometimes feeling as a Universalist minister is said to have felt when he could not collect his salary, "If there isn't a hell, there ought to be."

We respectfully ask our readers to send us

information on the above subjects, which can be placed before our agricultural societies, our State and United States Departments of Agriculture, and State Legislatures, and perhaps before Congress.

And we respectfully ask the editors of the some ten thousand newspapers and magazines who will receive this number of our paper to aid us in the interests of humanity and public health in exposing and righting these great wrongs.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CRUELTY IN COUNTRY TOWNS.

There is a vast deal of cruelty to animals in country towns. It is the fault of the good and humane people living in those towns.

They do not want to personally offend, and perhaps incur the revenge of their fellow-townsmen, and they cannot expect our about five hundred country agents, who work without pay, to be very anxious to do the same thing.

Our agents are men who have been recommended by the authorities of their respective towns. They are the best men we can find in the towns who will take the appointment of agent. They render us considerable unpaid service.

They would render us a great deal more if there were any humane organizations in their respective towns to stand behind them.

Let the "Grange," or the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," or a "Society of Christian Endeavor," or a "Band of Mercy," or any other respectable and influential organization in any town enter complaint, and call upon an agent to stop the abuse or prosecute, and it will be stopped.

When the good and humane people of our country towns will take interest enough to establish "Bands of Mercy" in their schools, holding regular monthly meetings, public sentiment will very soon compel the kind treatment of dumb animals, and our country agents will be glad to enforce the laws for their protection.

SUNLIGHT IN STABLES.

We tried an experiment some years since to test the effect of absence of light upon a calf. We had two deep-red calves of the same age (60 days), one weighing 180 pounds and the other 182 pounds. The latter we placed in a dark room, with a trough that could be filled by a spout through a partition. The other was confined in the same amount of space, but in full light, and both were fed exactly alike for the next three months. The object was to test the effect of light upon such a growing animal. At the end of the time the one in the light weighed 430 pounds, and the one in the dark weighed 360 pounds, and its color had faded to a very pale, dirty red. Its eyes were so much affected that when admitted to the light it kept them closed most of the time for the first week or two. The two calves were kept on together, but the one from the dark room never fully recovered from this three months of darkness. It never recovered its bright red color, although the color improved. Any one who noted these two calves during this experiment would never after doubt the impolicy of a dark stable. Sunlight is indispensable to healthy vegetable and animal life. Every farmer sees his cat and dog select a belt of sunlight to lie and bask in; and if he will watch his cattle when turned out he will find them seeking at once the sunny side of the barnyard. And with all these indications before his eye, still the farmer keeps his animals in a dark stable, much to their discomfort and his pecuniary loss. We do not, of course, include all farmers in this statement, for a small minority fully understand the importance of sunlight in stables, and make ample provision for its introduction.—Practical Farmer.

IRISH WIT.

Mike McFlangarthy is a true-hearted son of Ireland and a genius in his way, and many stories are told of his ready wit.

The other day an old gentleman of philanthropic temperament, but slightly intolerant of any religious body but his own, passing where Mike was at work making mortar, stopped and asked what sort of a building was going up.

Mike replied: "A church."

"A church, eh? Of what denomination?"

"No denomination at all, yer honor, but a Holy Roman Catholic church."

"I am sorry to hear it," exclaimed the old gentleman.

"That's what the devil said when he passed here," retorted Mike, as he resumed his work.—Buffalo Courier.

A SEASON SONG.

ESTELLE THOMSON.

Our orchards are ripe, our vines are bending
Low in the sun down their purpling rows;
The keen-edged stroke of the sickle, descending,
Severs the corn,
And the breath of the morn
Is as rich as the wine from the press that flows.
The stubble slopes of the grain fields glisten
With a tinge like gold as the fleet days pass;
The wind-harp's music you hear if you listen,
Murmuring low,
Now swift, now slow,
And a russet stain lies over the grass.
Though wine and orange the woods' leaves shading
Have painted the land like a lovely fire;
O how can it be that the old year's fading,
When it blooms anew
With each royal hue
That the soul of an artist could well desire?
There's a muffled sound as of nuts down-dropping,
And the ring far away of a lively flail;
The sweet June hay from the mows is cropping,
And the dun cows wait
At the barn-yard gate,
While the chore-boy lags with the milking-pail.
The days shrink shorter, the nights grow chilly,
The wood-pile swells to enormous size;
The winnowed grain from the slant fields hilly
Goes down the hill
To be ground in the mill,
And the farmer waits for the crop-price rise.
Now gay is the land as with rollicking laughter;
There's a tunc in the air that abolishes ills;
Away with thought, though care follow after!
There's no time for sighing
While autumn is flying,
With fruits in the orchards and nuts on the hills.
—Harper's Weekly.

WHERE ARE THE SCHOOL SONGS OF THE CHILDREN?

But where are the school songs of the children? Why are they not made the vehicle of patriotism, — of pride, of love, of faith in the land and institutions which are and are to be their own forever? For once that such a poem is read or declaimed, it should be sung a hundred times, and creep into the life and thought of youth, as "Home, Sweet Home" and "Annie Laurie" do into the heart of the man. Why do we allow ourselves to lose such a motive power in intensifying the fealty of a people to the land which gave them birth, and which holds for them both hope and desire? — From an article by Mary Elizabeth Blake, in "Lippincott's."

[Our Band of Mercy Songs are doing good work. — EDITOR.]

THE SEPTEMBER "AMERICAN TEACHER."

We are glad to find in this educational journal of large circulation an interesting account of the "Bands of Mercy" formed in a large school.

We give the result as follows:— The result was marvellous. Before the close of the week every child in the building had enrolled himself as a member. The teachers appointed themselves nominal presidents, the children voting every six weeks for one of their number to be president and wear the badge. Mr. Angell was then notified that the bands had been formed, and to each of the teachers he sent the following, free of charge: A badge for the president; twelve lessons on kindness to animals; eight humane publication leaflets; a copy of *Band of Mercy Hymns and Our Dumb Animals*, an illustrated monthly, for one year, free.

No one can estimate the amount of good which our Band of Mercy work has done. Many a dog and cat has now a happier home; many a canary is more comfortably cared for; many a horse has been saved a sore foot by a thoughtful boy running into the street and picking up old tin or glassware or nails which some thoughtless person has thrown there, and the sling shots were almost unanimously destroyed early in the spring.

PROTECT THE NIGHT HAWK.

Mr. Geo. Donaldson, of Mobile, Alabama, writes us an earnest letter urging sportsmen to spare the *Night Hawks*. They feed exclusively on the wing on mosquitoes, flies, etc., of which they eat vast numbers, and are themselves unfit for food. Mr. Donaldson also urges the protection of our various kinds of woodpeckers.

Teacher— "What is the plural of child?"
Tommy— "Twins."

Pure Silver Band of Mercy Badge,



Costing at our Offices, or sent post-paid, Thirty Cents.



WHAT I SAW FROM OUR PLAZZA.

A BOSTON BIRD.

HANCOCK STREET'S REMARKABLE PARROT WHO SINGS "ANNIE ROONEY" AND DANCES TO THE TUNE OF "FANCHON."

Just now the talk of the people along Hancock Street, and the children who attend the Bowdoin School, is about "Bob."

He lives in one of the houses which are on the opposite side of Hancock Street to the house once occupied by Charles Sumner, and is owned by a gentleman well known in the produce trade.

He has a beautiful plumage of olive green. His wings are slightly tipped with red, and from his beak to his tail he is one of the handsomest parrots in the city.

But what is particularly interesting in Bob is his special liking for music, particularly the popular music of the day. This he interprets according to his own idea, and the notes and words are rendered with a startlingly realistic effect. Indeed, the notes in the upper register are given with absolute clearness and truthfulness of tone, without any seeming effort. Among the many songs that Bob sings and articulates clearly are "Annie Rooney," "Little Brown Jug," "Johnny Jones and his Sister Sue," "Peek-a-Boo," "One Good Sweet Maiden Ever," "I met Two Policemen on the Strand," and "Hash, Little Baby."

When you enter the room where he is you are greeted with a welcome "Hallo," or "How do you do?" or "How are you?" "Good morning," "Fine day, ha, ha, ha!" When he wishes to retire, he makes his desire known by saying to the members of the family, "I want to go to bed." When his cage is covered up for the night, he says: "Thank you; good night."

Bob also has a little waltz song from "Fanchon," which he whistles while dancing on one foot to the time of the music.

The other afternoon, attracted by a crowd of school children in front of Bob's house on Hancock Street, a Globe reporter went to see what was up. The first thing he heard from over the doorway was —

"Annie Rooney, she is my sweetheart,

I am her Joe,
Soon we'll marry —
Good, isn't it. Ha, ha, ha.
That will do. That will do.
Pull them down, Christy.
Pull them down.
That will do."

Some twenty-five school boys and girls clapped their hands in applause. On the doorsteps and in the windows of the houses adjacent and on the opposite side of the street, seated or standing, were the smiling faces of many older people. A patrolman from Station 3 was standing on the sidewalk a short distance away, who shortly moved on, having concluded from the pleasant faces surrounding him that Bob and his open-air concert were not disturbing the peace.

The owner of the bird said to the reporter: "I have had many parrots, but none so remarkable as Bob. I have been offered considerable money for him, but I refused it because I want him myself. What you have heard him do he has picked up within the last two years by hearing my daughter sing, and the rest of the family laugh and talk. The first time we noticed that Bob had this singing gift was about the time the "Fanchon" music was prevalent here in Boston, which, I think, was two years ago. We were delighted by his whistling the waltz song of that play, and hopping about his cage on one leg to the time of the music. Afterwards we were startled by his accurate imitations of other bars from the popular music of the day. It is strange how he gets them so accurate. Since he has come so into notice, I shall try and see how much cultivation will do for him."

We take the above from a much longer account of this remarkable bird in "The Boston Globe" of May 31st.

What is the first thing a man does when he falls into the water? Gets wet.

WHAT I SAW FROM OUR PLAZZA.

One day last month, as we stood on our piazza, we saw a young Irish youth enter the yard, driving two horses with a heavily loaded wagon of coal.

The road from the street to the house was steep and winding. It was a hard pull for the horses, and when about half-way up they gave out.

The forward horse, whose name was Billy, turned around as much as to say, "We can't drag this any farther; it is no use trying."

The driver led Billy back to his place, and then mounted his seat, took up the reins once more, and tried to urge on his team.

It was near sundown, and he wanted to get through and go home to supper.

But Billy shook his head and turned around a second time against the wheel-horse.

The driver then got down from his seat, and came and patted Billy on the head.

Billy shook his head still; and then the driver threw his arms around Billy's neck and hugged him and led him once more to his place forward.

"Billy," said he, "I want my supper, and you want yours too. Now try, Billy."

Again he took the reins, and mounted his seat. Billy looked around at his master, and then at the wagon; and we knew that Billy meant this time to do his best.

"Gee! gee up," cried the driver; and Billy and the wheel-horse, both starting at once, carried the loaded wagon to its stopping place at the top of the hill.

Our Ralph blocked the wheels with a big stone; and the driver got down from his seat, and went to Billy, and patted him, and put his arms around his neck, giving him a good hug.

The driver emptied the coal, and then started off with Billy and the other horse; and no doubt when he got home he gave them both a good supper before he took his own.

He was not only kind-hearted, but wise. If he had used the whip, it might have been an hour before he could have got Billy to move. He knew he could rule best by love.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND

Has commanded the Duke of Portland, "*Master of the Horse*," to discontinue the use of the bearing [check] rein on all the horses in the royal stables.

Three things to love — courage, gentleness, and affection.

Men who work on morning newspapers are all Nights of Labor men.

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.



GEO. T. ANGELL, President.
JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.
HON. HENRY O. HOUGHTON, Treasurer.
(OF HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

The American Humane Education Society, [the first of its kind in the world,] was incorporated as a National Society by Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, March, 1889, with power to hold half a million of dollars free from taxation.

It received during its first year in its permanent fund real estate given by its president, valued at over three thousand dollars, and for present and future use money given by persons in various States to the amount of over eight thousand dollars more.

Its object is to carry humane education into all our American schools and homes, and to found "Humane Societies" and "Bands of Mercy" over the whole American Continent.

In its first year it founded in Western States fourteen new "Humane Societies" and four hundred and sixty-six new "Bands of Mercy;" offered prizes to the students in all our American colleges, also to all American editors, for best essays on the *Effect of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime*; employed an active missionary, and sent nearly a hundred thousand copies of humane publications into every State and Territory except Alaska.

In its second year it has employed one missionary in the Western and Southern States all the time, and two others part of the time, and through them and otherwise founded many Humane Societies and about fifteen hundred new "Bands of Mercy."

For the purpose of obtaining information it has offered prizes for the most valuable essays and letters on *Slaughtering, Cattle Transportation, Treatment of Cattle on the Plains, Effects of Cruelties to Animals on Public Health, and vivisection.*

It has sent its monthly paper, "*Our Dumb Animals*," to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico.

It has published the book, "*Black Beauty*," and has already printed and now printing, at prices which give no money profit, 565,000 copies, being by far the largest number ever issued in similar time from publication of any book published in the world. These are only a part of the work done by "The American Humane Education Society" and it has still larger plans for the future.

All persons wishing further information as

to its plans and purposes will receive prompt answers by writing

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President [of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy],
19 Milk Street, Boston.

BOSTON, June 1, 1891.

THE WHOLE IN A NUTSHELL.

What is your object, Mr. Angell?

Answer. To humanely educate the American people for the purpose of stopping every form of cruelty, both to human beings and the lower animals. That is my object.

How do you propose to do it?

1st. By enlisting the teachers of every State and Territory to carry humane instruction into all American public and private schools.

2d. By enlisting the educational, religious, and secular press of the country to help form a public sentiment which will tend to check cruelty of every kind.

3d. By enlisting the Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy of the country in efforts to unite religious and humane education in all their churches and Sunday schools.

4th. By sending humane information, and the gems of humane literature, pictures, songs, and stories, through the press and otherwise, as I have been sending "*Our Dumb Animals*" and "*Black Beauty*," all over this country.

5th. By the employment of missionaries, forming "*Humane Societies*" and hundreds of thousands of "*Bands of Mercy*" in schools, Sunday schools, and elsewhere, similar to the over ten thousand we have already formed.

6th. By showing the millions of American youth, in ways too numerous to be mentioned in this statement, that every kind word they speak or kind act they do makes their own lives happier, and better prepares them for what may come after.

7th. By building up in our colleges, schools, and elsewhere a spirit of *chivalry and humanity*, which shall in coming generations substitute ballots for bullets, prevent anarchy and crime, protect the defenceless, maintain the right, and hasten the coming of peace on earth and good will to every harmless living creature both human and dumb.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TOO SENSITIVE.

In a fashionable boarding stable in New York is a horse called Tatters, about which the "*Brooklyn Standard-Union*" tells this. Tatters belongs to a lady who makes a great pet of him, and never visits the stable without taking him some apples, carrots, or sugar, of which he is extremely fond. In a neighboring stall is the horse of her friend, an animal rejoicing in the name of Phil. Tatters and Phil are on good terms, but the former sometimes throws his ears back and manifests jealousy when his mistress, after giving him an apple or a carrot, gives one to Phil. One day she went into the stable while Tatters was in the hands of the groom. He began begging for an apple, and she deferred the gift until the groom had finished his work and the horse had returned to his stall. Meantime she gave an apple to Phil. When Tatters had gone to his stall she offered him an apple, but he refused to take it, and turned his head away from her in disgust. For half an hour she coaxed him, but to no purpose. Then the groom tried to induce him to take it, and then another groom made the same effort, but all in vain. Take the apple he would not, nor would he recognize his mistress in any way. His ears drooped and he had the appearance of a child in the sulks just as much as a horse can possibly have it. His heart was broken, not so much because an apple had been given to another horse, but because it had been given before he himself had received one. But by the next day he seemed to have forgotten his grievance; and you may be sure that his owner has been careful not to offend him since in the same way.

Directors of Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Geo. T. Angell, Mrs. Wm. Appleton, Dr. D. D. Slade, Russell Sturgis, William H. Baldwin, G. J. F. Bryant, Patrick Donahoe, Miss Florence Lyman, Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb, J. Murray Forbes, Hon. Daniel Needham, Hon. Henry B. Hill, Mrs. Robert T. Paine, Miss Alice Russell, Miss Veronica Dwight, Miss E. L. Slade, Benjamin P. Ware, David Nevins, Charles F. Donnelly, Hon. Edmund H. Bennett, Hon. Henry O. Houghton, Laban Pratt, Albert A. H. Meredith, Hon. J. J. H. Gregory.

Treasurer: CHARLES FAIRCHILD.

Secretary: JOSEPH L. STEVENS.

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C. P. BOWDITCH, WILLIAM MINOT, JR., G. T. ANGELL.

Counsellor: WILLIAM MINOT, JR.

Directors of the American Humane Education Society.

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Treasurer: HON. HENRY O. HOUGHTON.

Deputy Treasurer and Secretary: JOSEPH L. STEVENS.

Trustees of the Permanent Fund:

CHARLES P. BOWDITCH, WILLIAM MINOT, JR.,

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A NOBLE GIRL.

A graceful incident occurred the other day at the commencement of the girls' high school in Brooklyn. Among the graduates was a colored girl, who had made an honorable record in her studies and had passed the examination successfully. When the time came for the distribution of the diplomas, the young women marched to the platform, as usual in couples, each choosing some favored companion. The colored student arose with the rest and looked timidly about, expecting to have to cross the room alone, but Miss Holden, the most popular girl in the class, holding the position of its president, stepped to her side and accompanied her to the platform. Such an act of considerate kindness stamps Miss Holden as a woman of noble heart, and of courage also, for it needed some heroism to do what she did. The career of such a girl may be looked forward to as promising excellent things.—*New York Letter.*

TWO BAND OF MERCY GIRLS.

I was in Central Park, in New York, and stood watching the children take their donkey rides. A very poor looking but neatly dressed woman, with a little girl who walked on a crutch, was also looking on at the riders. Two nicely dressed little girls had just dismounted their long-eared steeds, and I saw them glance at the lame child, and whisper eagerly to their father. The gentleman approached the woman, and, lifting his hat politely, said: "My little girls are anxious to enjoy the pleasure of giving your daughter a ride." The lame child's pale face flushed crimson with surprise and pleasure; and the poor woman looked equally delighted. The child was soon in the saddle, and went twice over the course. Meantime her entertainers were whispering together, and when she was taken down the elder sister went up to her and slyly slipped into her hand a box of candy. I daresay those little girls have forgotten their act of kindness by this time; but I do not believe the child or her mother have forgotten it, or ever will. The pleasures we prepare for ourselves fade and perish. The good and kind actions we do for others last to all eternity.

CHILDREN BITTEN BY DOGS.

In nineteen cases out of every twenty where a child is bitten by a dog, it is the fault of the child or the child's mother. The dog is tormented, the child is at last bitten; then comes the demand that the dog shall be killed.

THE SLEEPING SENTINEL.

The story of President Lincoln and the Vermont boy sentenced to be shot for sleeping at his post has never been told more graphically than in L. E. Chittenden's new book entitled "Recollections of President Lincoln," published by Harper Bros. The young man, William Scott, was not yet inured to camp life, and had volunteered to take the place of a sick comrade detailed for picket duty. The next night Scott was appointed to the same duty, but found it impossible to keep awake two nights in succession. His comrades set about saving him, and their success is told as follows:—

The more I reflected, the more hopeless the case appeared. Thought was useless. I must act upon impulse, or I should not act at all.

"Come," I said, "there is only one man on earth can save your comrade. Fortunately, he is the best man on the continent. We will go to President Lincoln."

I went swiftly out of the Treasury over to the White House, and up the stairway to the little office where the President was writing. The boys followed in a procession. I did not give the thought time to get any hold on me that I, an officer of the government, was committing impropriety in thus rushing a matter upon the President's attention. The President was the first one to speak.

"What is this?" he asked. "An expedition to kidnap somebody, or to get another brigadier appointed, or for a furlough to go home and vote? I cannot do it, gentlemen. Brigadiers are thicker than drum majors, and I couldn't get a furlough for myself, if I asked it, from the War Department."

There was hope in the tone in which he spoke. I went straight to my point. "Mr. President," I said, "these men want nothing for themselves. They are Green Mountain boys of the Third Vermont, who have come to stay as long as you need good soldiers. They don't want promotion until they earn it, but they do want something that you alone can give them—the life of a comrade."

"What has he done?" asked the President. "You Vermonters are not a bad lot, generally. Has he committed murder or mutiny, or what other felony?"

"Tell him," I whispered to the captain.

"I cannot! I cannot! I should stammer like a fool! You can do it better!"

"Captain," I said, pushing him forward, "Scott's life depends on you. You must tell the President the story. I only know it from hearsay."

He commenced like the man by the Sea of Galilee who had an impediment in his speech, but very soon the string of his tongue was loosened, and he spoke plainly. He began to word-paint a picture with the hand of a master. As the words burst from his lips, they stirred my own blood. He gave a graphic account of the whole story, and ended by saying: "He is as brave a boy as there is in your army, sir. Scott is no coward. Our mountains breed no cowards. They are the homes of thirty thousand men who voted for Abraham Lincoln. They will not be able to see that the best thing to be done with William Scott will be to shoot him like a traitor and bury him like a dog! O, Mr. Lincoln, can you?"

"No, I can't!" exclaimed the President. It was one of the moments when his countenance became such a remarkable study. It had become very earnest as the captain rose with his subject, then it took on that melancholy expression which, later in life, became so infinitely touching. I thought I could detect a mist in the cavities of his eyes. Then, in a flash, there was a total change. He smiled, and finally broke into a hearty laugh, as he asked me: "Do your Green Mountain boys fight as well as they talk? If they do, I don't wonder at the legends about Ethan Allen."

Scott gave his own version of the affair as follows:—
"The President was the kindest man I had ever seen; I knew him at once by a Lincoln medal I had long worn. I was scared at first; but Mr. Lincoln was so easy with me, and so gentle, that I soon forgot my fright. He asked me all about the people at home, the neighbors, the farm, and where I went to school, and who my schoolmates were. Then he asked me about mother, and how she looked, and I was glad I could take her photograph from my bosom and show it to him. He said how thankful I ought to be that my mother still lived, and how, if he was in my place, he would try to make her a proud mother, and never cause her a sorrow or a tear. I cannot remember it all, but every word was so kind."

"He had said nothing yet about that dreadful next morning. I thought it must be that he was so kind-hearted that he didn't like to speak of it. But why did he say so much about my mother, and my not causing her a sorrow or a tear, when I knew that I must die the next morning? But I supposed that was something that would have to go unexplained, and so I determined to brace up and tell him that I did not feel a bit guilty, and ask him wouldn't he fix it so that the firing party would not be from our regiment. That was going to be the hardest of all—to die by the hands of my comrades. Just as I was going to ask him this favor, he stood up, and he says to me, 'My boy, stand up here and look me in the face.' I did as he bade me. 'My boy,' he said, 'you are not going to be shot to-morrow. I believe you when you tell me that you could not keep awake. I am going to trust you, and send you back to your regiment. But I have been put to a good deal of trouble on your account. I had to come up here from Washington when I had a great deal to do, and what I want to know is, how you are going to pay my bill?' There was a big lump in my throat; I could scarcely speak. I had expected to die, you see, and had kind of got used to thinking that way. To have it all changed in a minute! But I got it crowded down, and managed to say: 'I am grateful, Mr. Lincoln! I hope I am as grateful as ever a man can be to you for saving my life. But it comes upon me sudden and unexpected like. I didn't lay out for it at all. But there is some way to pay you, and I will find it after a little. There is the bounty in the savings bank. I guess we could borrow some money on the mortgage of the farm.' There was my pay was something, and if he would wait until pay day, I was sure the boys would help, so I thought we could make it up if it wasn't more than five or six hundred dollars. But it is a great deal more than that,' he said. Then I said I didn't just see how, but I was sure I would find some way—if I lived."

"Then Mr. Lincoln put his hands on my shoulders, and looked into my face as if he was sorry, and said: 'My boy,



THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

my bill is a very large one. Your friends cannot pay it, nor your bounty, nor the farm, nor all your comrades! There is only one man in all the world who can pay it, and his name is William Scott! If from this day William Scott does his duty, so that, if I was there when he comes to die he could look me in the face as he does now and say, 'I have kept my promise, and I have done my duty as a soldier,' then my debt will be paid. Will you make that promise and try to keep it?"

"I said I would make the promise, and, with God's help I would keep it. He went away out of my sight forever, but may God forget me if I ever forget his kind words or my promise."

GENERAL ROBERT LEE.

A pleasing incident is told of General Robert Lee, in the Civil War. One day when he was inspecting a battery, and his soldiers had gathered into a group to welcome him, this action drew upon them the hot fire of Union guns. The general noticed it, and he faced about and advised the men to go under shelter. But he did not do this himself. He walked coolly onwards, at the risk of his life, and picked up and replaced an unfledged sparrow which had fallen from its nest in a tree close by the battery.

WADE HAMPTON'S CAT.

Tom is a Maltese, and is a magnificent specimen of his kind. He measures exactly three feet from the tip of his nose to the tip of his

tail, is fourteen inches high, and weighs twelve pounds. When the Governor was in health, Tom was his constant companion in his daily walks. It made but little difference to Tom that his master was sometimes mounted. Nothing daunted, he would trudge along at the horse's side, perfectly satisfied so long as he could "keep up," or even keep his kind master in sight.

The Governor's election to office was a serious blow, as it involved a daily separation; but, like the sensible animal he is, he finally reconciled his own affections to the claim of public expediency, and contented himself each morning with escorting His Excellency to the gate, at some distance from the house, when he bid him a silent good-by, and returned to the house until evening. The governor always observed as regular hours as possible, and generally returned to his home at about the same time every evening. This regularity Tom remembered for his own benefit, as he went each afternoon a little before the appointed time to the gate, where he anxiously remained to welcome his friend. When the Governor was brought home severely injured, strict orders were given that he should see no visitors. In due time, however, Tom was allowed to enter the sick-room, where he was a sympathizing attendant.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead

every child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word, or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

10565	Mooresville, Ind. P., Mrs. Rooker.	10593	First Baptist S. S. Washington Band. P., Mr. Stroughn.	10621	Orion Band. P., C. Kreighbaum.	10651	Pasconag, R. I. Whatcheer Band. P., Emma F. Jenkins.	10679	Geo. Washington Band. P., Mr. Brown.
10566	Lily Band. P., Mrs. Clawson.	10594	Christian S. S. Triumph Band. P., Mrs. Lambert.	10622	Canary Band. P., John Ullery.	10652	Brooklyn, N. Y. Rough and Ready Band. P., G. M. Kelby.	10680	Piqua, Ohio. Grace St. M. E. S. S. Pansy Band. P., Miss Himmelright.
10567	Tulip Band. P., Mrs. Lawrence.	10595	Powell, Ohio. P., Mrs. Nafziger.	10623	Humming-bird Band. P., Mr. Mohler.	10653	Riceville, Iowa. Grace Band. P., Grace McIlravey.	10681	Dewdrop Band. P., Mrs. Anderson.
10568	Violet Band. P., Sue Wilson.	10596	Farmers' Institute, Ind. Farmers' Institute Band. P., Lizzie Windle.	10624	Forget-me-not Band. P., Miss Marlin.	10654	Matteawan, N. Y. Mission Band. P., Miss H. de Bruyckops.	10682	Rose Band. P., Miss Billings.
10569	Pansy Band. P., Miss Thompson.	10597	Beaver, Mo. Beaver Band. P., Jas. Ellison.	10625	Touch-me-not Band. P., Mrs. Freshour.	10655	Lewis Center, Ohio. L. T. L. Band. P., Mrs. A. L. Barrows.	10683	Violet Band. P., Miss Small.
10570	Rose Band. P., Miss Gruson.	10598	Joliet, Ill. L. T. L. Band. P., Mrs. Phoebe J. Weston.	10626	Willing Workers Band. P., Henry Perry.	10656	Rochdale, Mass. Horseshoe Band. P., Francis Sanders.	10684	I'll Try Band. P., Mary Wall.
10571	Snowdrop Band. P., Miss Manker.	10599	Anniston, Ala. St. Stevens Band. P., Rev. L. C. Heptinstall.	10627	Methodist S. S. Geo. Washington Band. P., Miss Abernathy.	10657	Turnpike, N. C. Black Beauty Band. P., W. T. Baird.	10685	Star Band. P., Effie Rain.
10572	Mayflower Band. P., Joseph Overton.	10600	Covington, Ohio. Presbyterian S. S. Rosebud Band. P., Mrs. Taylor.	10628	Lincoln Band. P., W. A. Hoover.	10658	Piqua, Ohio. Presbyterian S. S. Rosebud Band. P., Miss Jones.	10686	Hope Band. P., Miss Alexander.
10573	Golden Rule Band. P., Mrs. Thompson.	10601	Pansy Band. P., Miss Spulman.	10629	Longfellow Band. P., S. D. Palmer.	10659	Pansy Band. P., Miss Morley.	10687	Sunbeam Band. P., Mr. Johnson.
10574	Never Fail Band. P., Mrs. Jones.	10602	Lily Band. P., Miss Westfall.	10630	Whittier Band. P., Mrs. Howard.	10660	Lily Band. P., Mrs. Wilder.	10688	Never Fail Band. P., Mrs. Collins.
10575	Protestant Meth. S. S. Geo. Washington Band. P., Mrs. Kariden.	10603	Rose Band. P., Miss Perdy.	10631	G. T. Angell Band. P., Mrs. Neth.	10661	Tulip Band. P., Mrs. Grigo.	10689	Robin Band. P., Miss Myers.
10576	Lincoln Band. P., Mrs. Shepherd.	10604	Violet Band. P., Miss Dorsey.	10632	German Baptist S. S. Never Fail Band. P., Mrs. Tobias.	10662	Violet Band. P., Miss Boyer.	10690	Geo. Washington Band. P., R. N. Runyan.
10577	Friends' S. S. Canary Band. P., Mattie Burke.	10605	Tulip Band. P., Miss Fosdick.	10633	I'll Try Band. P., Jacob Brant.	10663	Rose Band. P., Mrs. Caldwell.	10691	Christian S. S. Lily Band. P., Mrs. Newhouse.
10578	Robin Band. Louie Merideth.	10606	Verbea Band. P., Miss Abernathy.	10634	Golden Rule Band. P., Miss Mikesell.	10664	Forget-me-not Band. P., Mrs. Spencer.	10692	Rose Band. P., Mrs. Woodruff.
10579	Bluebird Band. P., Ida Andrews.	10607	Geranium Band. P., Mrs. Himes.	10635	Helping Hand Band. P., Elizabeth Brant.	10665	Verbea Band. P., Mrs. Munger.	10693	Tulip Band. P., Mrs. Lions.
10580	Lark Band. P., Lizzie Hadley.	10608	Tuberosa Band. P., Mrs. Martin.	10636	Oxford Band. P., Miss A. C. Randall.	10666	I'll Try Band. P., Mrs. Leonard.	10694	Violet Band. P., Miss Orr.
10581	Redbird Band. P., Emma Clark.	10609	Snowball Band. P., Mrs. Silvens.	10637	Beacon Band. P., Miss E. Read.	10667	Robin Band. P., Mrs. McCullough.	10695	Pansy Band. P., Mr. Aspinwall.
10582	Dove Band. P., Calvin Harvey.	10610	Buttercups Band. P., Mrs. Marlin.	10638	Atwell's Ave. Band. P., Anna E. Cobb.	10668	Canary Band. P., Miss McKee.	10696	Green St. M. E. S. S. Busy Bee Band. P., Mrs. Ashton.
10583	Christian S. S. Busy Bee Band. P., Miss Jackson.	10611	Heliotrope Band. P., Mrs. Rankin.	10639	Atwell's Ave. Band No. 2. P., Ella L. Phillips.	10669	Never Fail Band. P., Mrs. Olin.	10697	Canary Band. P., Mrs. Bingham.
10584	I'll Try Band. P., Miss Hutton.	10612	Christian S. S. Busy Bee Band. P., Miss Westfall.	10640	Atwell's Ave. Band No. 3. P., Ida Phillips.	10670	Golden Rule Band. P., Mr. Hance.	10698	Bluebird Band. P., Miss Harbaugh.
10585	Hope Band. P., Mrs. Ferguson.	10613	Hope Band. P., Mrs. Westfall.	10641	Atwell's Ave. Band No. 4. P., Mary L. Anthony.	10671	Willing Workers Band. P., Miss Jones.	10699	Mocking-bird Band. P., Miss McKinney.
10586	Star Band. P., Mr. Jackson.	10614	Sunbeam Band. P., Mrs. Simes.	10642	Atwell's Ave. Band No. 5. P., Maud E. Maxon.	10672	Sunshine Band. P., Miss Leonard.	10700	Buttercups Band. P., Mr. Stoker.
10587	Rockville, Ind. Methodist S. School. White Rose Band. P., Miss Howard.	10615	Star Band. P., Mrs. Deweese.	10643	Atwell's Ave. Band No. 6. P., Bessie M. Schofield.	10673	Hope Band. P., Miss Norse.	10701	Touch-me-not Band. P., Miss Hall.
10588	Irvington Band. P., Miss Schol.	10616	Robin Band. P., Mrs. Sherman.	10644	Manning Street Band. P., Emma S. Haywood.	10674	Longfellow Band. P., Miss Ketchum.	10702	Faithful Band. P., Mr. Brooks.
10589	Pope Band. P., Addie Lee.	10617	Dove Band. P., Miss Kaufman.	10645	Manning Street Band No. 2. P., Josephine Dillon.	10675	Whittier Band. P., Miss Fordyce.	10703	Geo. T. Angell Band. P., Mr. Barbour.
10590	A. M. E. S. S. Payne Band. P., Charles Harris.	10618	Lark Band. P., Miss Freshour.	10646	Slater Ave. Band. P., Abbie A. Hathaway.	10676	Excelsior Band. P., Mr. Johnson.	10704	Henry Bergh Band. P., Mrs. Schrader.
10591	Lincoln Band. P., Mrs. Harris.	10619	Bluebird Band. P., Wm. Dubois.	10647	Slater Ave. Band No. 2. P., Mary J. Folsom.	10677	Helping Hand Band. P., Mr. Todd.	10705	Lincoln Band. P., Geo. C. Williams.
10592	Second Baptist S. S. Fred Douglas Band. Miss Thomas.	10620	Redbird Band. P., Miss Lindsey.	10648	Woonsocket, R. I. Willing Children Band. P., Miss C. M. Balcorn.	10678	Audubon Band. P., Miss Davis.	10706	Longfellow Band. P., Mrs. Bennett.
				10649	Rocky Hill, R. I. Excelsior Band. P., Caroline M. Bass.			10707	Rochdale, Mass. Washington Club Band. P., John McGrath.
				10650	Warwick, R. I. Warwick Band. P., Harry M. King.				

DESTROYED BY BAD BOYS.

No one but a builder can realize what annoyance and loss he is compelled to endure from the depredations of mischievous boys. No sooner is the foundation for a building laid than the trouble begins. When the workmen leave the place then the boys take possession. They begin by throwing stones, sticks, and everything they can get hold of into the mortar beds, sometimes entirely ruining them by shovelling in all the surplus sand and refuse that are left near the mortar vat. They break and otherwise destroy the finely finished bricks that are used in the fronts of residences, break up slate, carry away laths, and do all sorts of devilish things.

When the house is nearly completed, it is then the mischievous boy does his worst acts of vandalism. When the plastering is fresh on the walls, it is his delight to take a stick and scratch and mar the fresh plaster as much as possible. Nothing pleases these boys more than to make rude figures and scratch names and initials in deep lines on the smooth surface of the freshly plastered walls. The loss to builders in St. Louis every year by the depredations of young hoodlums is simply incalculable. It is almost impossible to find out the guilty parties, and the builder has to bear his losses and annoyances with as good grace as possible. — WILLIAM COCHRAN, in *Globe Democrat*.

[Need of humane education in St. Louis.—EDITOR.]

WANTED TO SEARCH HIS WIFE'S
POCKETS.

We have recently read an amusing account of a gentleman who undertook one night, after his wife had gone to sleep, to search her pockets. He could not find them.

DO YOU NOT UNDERESTIMATE?

In your zeal for humane education, Mr. Angell, do you not underestimate the value of other charitable organizations?

I answer: There was, perhaps, no man connected with "Harvard University" better qualified to judge of the importance of humane education than the late Rev. Dr. Frederic H. Hedge, who wrote me: "I greatly approve of your enterprise, which seems to me the best charity of the day." And there is probably no woman living better able to judge of its importance than Frances E. Willard, who wrote me: "I look upon your mission as a sacred one, not second to any founded in the name of Christ."

I think the careful investigator will find that what the Mississippi is to little streams, and Mont Blanc in Switzerland is to little hills, humane education is to a thousand other good, but lesser, charities.

I think the careful investigator will find that the success of every other charity depends largely for its life and usefulness on humane education.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FOR THE BIRDS.

For a woman, with her gifts and graces, in this busy world, to turn her head-gear into a rookery for the display of stuffed birds, is to take a narrow view of her place and opportunity.

How can a woman flaunt a bird-scap on her head without a hardening process going on in her heart, unfitting her to that extent for the tender ministries and gentle manners that make her the charm of social life?

We suggest that every woman inclined to put her head into such uses, sit down for ten minutes under the old maple and listen to the cheery orchestra of happy bird-life, and then decide if any wish or act of hers shall go toward blotting out one such life. We give womanhood the credit of believing that her verdict in every such case would be for the life of the birds.

Those who protest against this sin of bird destruction are rapidly increasing, and the number of fair heads crowned with bird plumage is steadily lessening. Heaven speed the day when nowhere in all the land shall there be one heart so selfish as to allow any bird song to die out for the adorning of the feminine head.

The difficulty of distinguishing certain forms of comatose sleep from actual death has suggested all sorts of ingenious tests, such as holding a bright looking glass in front of the nostrils, or forcing a spray of water against the closed eyelids. A still more decisive experiment, however, consists in injecting the pale skin of the upper arm with a strong solution of ammonia. If a spark of life lingers it will betray itself by the appearance of a red spot. — *Amer. Druggist*.

L. — "Did the old gentleman leave much when he died?"

B. — "He left everything."

AN AUTUMN SONG.

The song birds are flying,
And southward are hieing,
No more their glad carols we hear.
The gardens are lonely,—
Chrysanthemums only
Dare now let their beauty appear.
The insects are hiding;
The farmer providing
The lambskins a shelter from cold;
And after October
The woods will look sober
Without all their crimson and gold.
The loud winds are calling,
The ripe nuts are falling,
The squirrel now gathers his store.
The bears, homeward creeping,
Will soon all be sleeping
So snugly, till winter is o'er.
Jack Frost will soon cover
The little brooks over;
The snow clouds are up in the sky
All ready for snowing.
Dear Autumn is going.
We bid her a loving good-by.
Emilie Poulsson.

THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

(From *Boston Herald "Entre Nous" Column, Sept. 20.*)

The Duchess of Portland and 950 other ladies of high degree, who intend protecting the birds from being slaughtered for millinery purposes, promise to wear no feathers, excepting those of the ostrich, henceforth and forever. 'Rah, 'rah! for the Duchess.

A TRAMP'S STORY.

"Yes, I'm a tramp and worse; I'm a convict; but I've had touches of human feeling, and they've interfered with my prospects more'n once. No, I don't mind telling of one case as I remember at this moment, and sometimes I'm sorry, and sometimes I'm glad. It was to have been robbery, and it might have been murder, though I've always kept clear of that.

"Me and Bill Doolin—he's doing time in the pen for lifting gentlemen's valises on the cars—was set to rob a house in the suburbs. There was money and plate, and only a feeble woman and two children, girls at that, in the place. We wanted to get through with the job afore midnight, so as to take a train that would take us out of reach if we were suspicioned, and we walked out eight miles to the place, and got there early in the evening.

"At the depot we heard of a dog—a mastiff that was kept chained day and night—only at night it was taken into the house. So we had to change our plans. There was a park in front of the house, and I got up a scheme. One of us would be taken sick suddenly and call out to attract attention. The woman and children would run out to see what was the matter, and then the other one would slip inside and get all the valuables. As the house was only an ordinary family residence we believed this could be easily done. The night was dark and there was no street lamps, which favored our scheme.

"Bill insisted that I was to do the sick act, and when the folks came out he was to slip in and rob the house. Up to then it was easy enough, but you've heard of burglar's luck? No? Well, it's a kind of presentiment that gets hold of you just at the wrong moment and makes you weaken. O pshaw! It was the soft spring night and the pure country air that turned my head, and all in a jiffy, as you might say, I got sick of the job and wished myself out of it.

"Howsoever, I was ashamed to back down now, so I told Bill not to start until I gave him a certain signal agreed upon betwixt us, and then I began to groan, and holler, and call for help. There was no other house near, the next building being a church, and I now saw lights moving in the house. Then a woman came out on the veranda. She had a lantern, and looked out into the darkness to see where the cries came from.

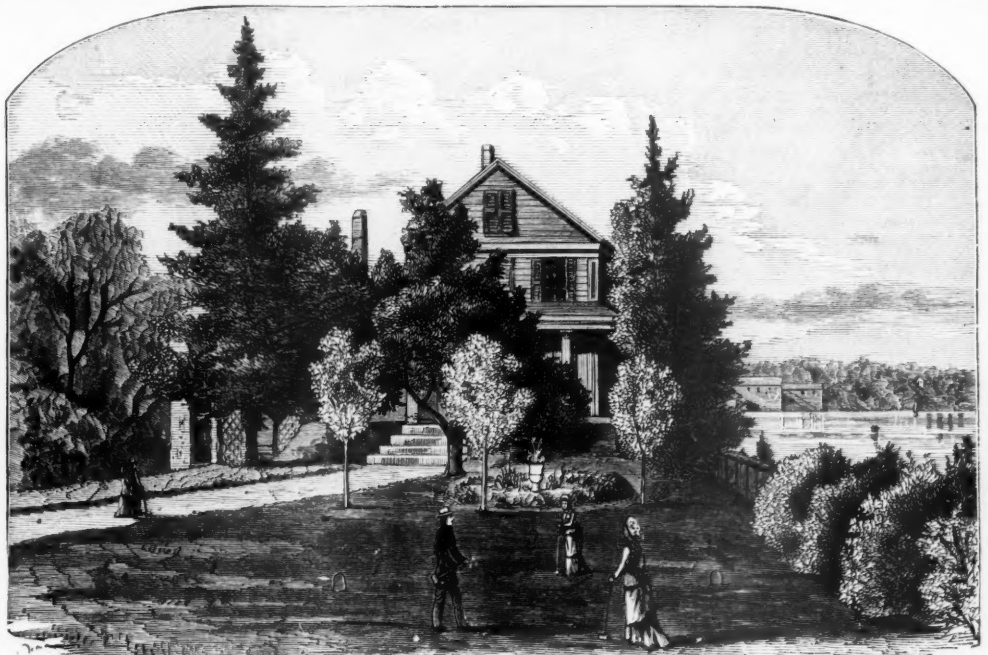
"It's somebody in dreadful pain,' I heard her say. "She was followed by two children. Bill was hiding back of me among the trees, and he whispered loud,—

"Now's my time."

"No," I said back to him, 'wait till I give the signal.'

"Then I groaned and carried on worse than ever. I saw that the lady was coming down the steps of the veranda. Then the children began to scream.

"Don't go, mamma, don't go; you will be killed!" "Nonsense," she said, 'suppose it was papa lying there hurt and suffering' (I gave another yell), 'wouldn't you be thankful to anybody who would help him?'



THE HOME OF J. T. TROWBRIDGE, ARLINGTON, MASS.

From "Poets' Homes," published by D. Lothrop Co., Boston.

"With that she came direct towards me, and I groaned and shut my eyes as if in great pain. She leaned over me, and I could see that she had a good, kind face.

"What is the matter with you, good man? What can I do for you?"

"Her voice was sweet and kind, and all the time I could hear Bill making motions for the signal in the bushes behind me. The two children, pretty little girls, had hold of their mother's gown, and were staring at me. There was everything I had planned for just within reach, and you'll never guess what I did. No, I can hardly believe it of myself.

"Are you in great pain? What can I do to help you?" she said again.

"I opened my eyes wide and looked at her. "Take your children and go back into your house, madam, and lock the doors. Don't wait a minute, and don't send any one to look after me—you understand?"

"She did. She turned as white as a sheet, but she was plucky, and, says she, 'Come, children,' and walked straight back to the house and into it, and I heard the doors and windows slam and the keys turn in the lock. Then there was a roar like a lion, and I knew that she had let the dog loose inside to protect her.

"What in —" It was Bill Doolin in a white rage at my elbow.

"H—h. Not a word or I'll make it the worse for you."

"He saw my revolver in my hand and looked ugly, but I was his pard and he darsn't go back on me. But he raved and tore over what he called my 'girl foolishness' in letting such a snap escape just because a woman had said a kind word to me.

"But it wasn't that altogether. When I heard that my old mother had died praying for her wandering, vagabond boy with her last breath, I knew there was something more in it than either Bill or me could make out."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CONTRAST.

Two men toiled side by side from sun to sun,
And both were poor;
Both sat with children, when the day was done,
About their door.

One saw the beautiful in crimson cloud
And shining moon;
The other, with his head in sadness bowed,
Made night of noon.

One loved each tree and flower and singing bird
On mount or plain;
No music in the soul of one was stirred
By leaf or rain.

One saw the good in every fellow-man,
And hoped the best;
The other marvelled at his Master's plan,
And doubt confessed.

One, having heaven above and heaven below,
Was satisfied;
The other, discontented, lived in woe,
And hopeless died.

SARAH K. BOLTON, in "Boston Transcript."

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

Near the camp fire's flickering light
In my blanket bed I lie,
Gazing through the shades of night
At the twinkling stars on high;
O'er me spirits in the air
Silent vigils seem to keep,
As I breathe my childhood's prayer,—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Sadly sings the whippoorwill
In the boughs of yonder tree;
Laughingly the mountain rill
Swells the midnight melody.
Foes may be lurking near,
In the canyon dark and deep;
Lo, I breathe on Jesus' ear,
"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

Mid the stars one face I see—
One, the Saviour called away—
Mother, who in infancy
Taught my baby lips to pray.
Her sweet spirit hovers near,
In this lonely mountain brake;
Take me to her, Saviour dear,
"If I should die before I wake."

Fainter grows the flickering light
As each ember slowly dies;
Painfully the birds of night
Fill the air with saddened cries;
Over me they seem to cry
"You may never more awake;"
Lo! I hush, if I should die,
"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

An ill-paid clergyman called upon his deacon for an increase of salary. "Salary," said the deacon, "I thought you worked for souls." "So I do," said the minister, "but I cannot eat souls."

"That was an appropriate bit of music they had at the cattle-men's annual dinner, when the band played Beethoven's Concerto in *Gee*,"—*Harper's Bazar.*

If a man has a quarrelsome temper, let him alone. He will soon meet someone who will fight him. A man may fight duels all his life, if he is disposed to quarrel.—*Cecil.*

Receipts by The American Humane Education Society in August.

Mrs. Chas. E. DeWolfe, \$50; Miss Caroline C. Kendall, \$50; Mrs. F. Cazeau Jones, \$10; "Humanitas," \$1; A Friend, \$1.

And from Sales of "Black Beauty."

Scrantom, Wetmore & Co., \$47.54; Mollie O'Brien, \$5; H. O. Wheeler, \$6; H. W. Carpenter, \$10; Int. Tract Society, \$6.10; Pub. Sch. Pub. Co., \$5; City of Boston, \$6; Reeve & Fithian, \$14.40; Baker & Taylor Co., \$9; C. A. Hamlin, \$7.20; Eliz. Tittle, \$5; A. Flanagan, \$12; J. W. Hayes, \$5; Eau Claire Board of Education, \$12; Mrs. L. L. Lewis, \$6.43; Mrs. L. H. Seavey, \$5; J. B. Lippincott & Co., \$24. All others in sums of less than \$5 each, \$116.66.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in August.

Fines and witness' fees, \$105.90.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. E. M. Horne, \$10; Mrs. J. Taft, \$5; L. M. Chase, \$5; Elisha Gunn, \$5; Orrin W. Cook, \$5; Elizabeth Gibson, \$2; Mary Robinson, \$2; Wm. E. Stone, \$2; H. M. Brewster, \$2.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

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Total, \$53.00.

American Humane Education Society for literature and sundries, \$141.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Dr. Geo. Faulkner, \$12.50; W. D. J. Hambly, \$6.25; American Baptist Publication Society, \$5.94; Mrs. N. S. Babbitt, \$5; Mary G. Smith, \$2.70; Mary J. Bush, \$2; Lewis L. Richards, \$2; Mrs. N. P. Sackett, \$2; Mrs. Sophia L. Little, \$2; Mrs. C. D. Stone, \$1.75; Maude D. Corson, \$1.50; R. S. Clendenen, \$1.25; L. B. Hewes, \$0.75; Mary E. Martin, \$0.75; L. L. Hoyt, \$0.75; A Friend, \$0.60.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

D. Magner, Mrs. W. J. Steinhouse, E. T. Bisbee, A. B. Mizner, Sarah E. Gove, Thomas Causland, Mary C. Atwood, Mrs. Rose Nimmons, Norman H. Bruce, Mrs. Susan P. Candee, A Friend, W. C. Mayo, Mrs. L. P. Thompson, Mrs. L. M. H. Davis, Henry K. Sheldon.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Rev. T. Kelley, Emma H. Edwards, Grace Penfield, Mrs. A. G. Hawley, Mrs. Geo. L. Peabody, L. C. Ware, Mrs. E. P. Bacon, C. M. Fuller, Mrs. M. H. Chandler, Wesley Hildreth, Chas. M. Hinckley, R. L. Carl, M. P. Connor, J. M. J. Cherry, F. Salmon, Ethel B. Morse, F. B. Cudworth, Elizabeth W. Holmes, Mrs. F. B. Powell, Delia M. Lawrence, E. P. Damon, Mrs. A. Rich, Frank C. Dudley, Fred Busse, Mary C. Yarrow, W. H. Chadwick, Mrs. P. A. Sinton, D. H. Mohler, J. A. Riggins, Geo. Fullinger, Addie Peer, Chas. and Emma Hagar, Miss A. E. Nelson, M. T. Willis, Mrs. M. E. Dougherty, R. J. Wood, Mary Bingham.

All others in sums of less than fifty cents, \$8.61.

Total, \$89.85.

Publications sold, \$85.16.

Total, \$474.91.

TO SUBDUCE DOGS.

A gentleman who has had a good deal of experience in the management of dogs says that the most vicious brute can be speedily conquered by any powerful odor, especially a pungent odor like ammonia. He tells how he once won a wager on handling a dog that few persons could approach. It was in a little town in Canada. The conversation being on the subject of dogs, the proprietor of the inn where he was stopping laid a wager that his visitor could not put his hands upon a dog chained up in the back yard.

"All right," said the visitor, "but as a matter of precaution, for the protection of my hands, I will go up stairs and put on a pair of gloves."

"I put on a pair of old buckskin gloves," says the gentleman, in telling the story, "and saturated the right hand with ammonia. We then went out to the dog, and at my approach he rushed from his kennel with open mouth. As soon as he got within reach I thrust out my right hand. Instead of biting it, he turned tail and ran back into his kennel. Then I went to the kennel, and putting my hand inside made him come out again. The secret of the matter is that a dog can't bite without drawing in his breath, and as he does so, he inhales the ammonia, which partially suffocates him, and subdues for the time being his biting propensity. Some dogs may be subdued with cologne."—*New York Times*.

A night watchman—The astronomer.



TWO FRIENDS.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Animal World. London, England.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Bulletin of the Russian S. P. A. St. Petersburg, Russia.
Bulletin of the Trieste S. P. A. Trieste, Austro-Hungary.
Protector of Animals. Havre, France.
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.
London, England. Sixteenth Annual Report of the Victoria Society for Protection of Animals from Vivisection, for 1890.
Vienna, Austria. Annual Report of the S. P. A., for 1890.

(From the "Vermont Herald and News.")

"Our Dumb Animals" is one of the most interesting papers we receive at our office, and we question whether there is a missionary on the face of the earth doing more real good for humanity than its editor. Every few days we hear of some person who has committed a crime against some brute. We have laws, but not many care to interfere and breed neighborhood quarrels. *The way is to train up boys and girls to respect the rights of animals.* And one way to do this is to place in their hands such reading as "Our Dumb Animals," "Black Beauty," etc.

"Our Dumb Animals" published in Boston, Mass., is doing herculean service on behalf of considerate treatment of both humans and animals. It is edited with an ability that makes every line readable, and its subject-matter generally appeals to the tenderest and best susceptibilities of the heart. It is an exceptionally useful publication.—*Hotel Man's Guide, Philadelphia*.

WILLS.

To those who wish to remember in their wills either our "American Humane Education Society" or "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," we would say that the trustees of the Permanent Funds of these societies have a box in the Union Safe Deposit Vaults, State Street, as has also the undersigned, where such wills can be preserved.

To guard against accident I recommend all wills be executed in duplicate or triplicate, and so kept in different places.

After a will is made it is very little cost or trouble to make one or two copies, and execute all at the same time with same witnesses, and in the last clause of each write that it is executed in duplicate or triplicate, as the case may be.

All persons wishing to give property by will to either of the above societies can have wills written without charge by applying to

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Most people think the marriage tie is knotty, but it's nice.—*St. Joseph News*.

"Our Dumb Animals" Boston, is welcomed at this office each month. The amount of good it is doing for those who cannot speak for themselves is incalculable. It is a publication to substitute in place of the readers in our public schools.—*Clifton Review*.

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Eight of either No. or Nos., as wanted, 5 cents; twenty-four for 10 cents; one hundred, 25 cents, post paid.
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